TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AROUND THE YEAR.

staying with a friend over night. Lacy, Grace's elder elster, was at heme alone.

"A telegram, Miss Harrison," said the servant, bringing her up, the fateful yellow missive. It was directed to Miss Grace Harrison, but in most faulilies telegrams are considered coming property, and Luny opened it without hesitation. It was signed "Farrell Baintridge," and read as follows:

You will receive a letter from me to mor-row. It was sent you by mistake, Please ours without opening.

see it. I don't want to. I am ashamed only of myself now."

I don't want to. I am ashamed only of myself now."

I have done pretty will not to. The course of the club, said to feet that I have done pretty will not to. But I will treat you. Eartell, I do trust you. If I did not I don't know what would become of us.

I. S.-I hope you will doly consider your now the condition of the club, as a willing to have me mad R. I do not like this new may.

The reader may observe that the above letter, while stains that he writer had regarded the prohibition of the befoream so far as not reading the letter was conserved, and the course of the club, and so had no not of a hill to pay. You are sent to the course, supposing that she had kept R. She did not mean to, but she had kept R. She did not mean to, but she had kept R. She did not mean to, but she had kept R. She did not mean to, but she had kept R. She did not mean to, but she had had any pocker.

Sow Farrell, as may be supposed, had no not consider that when I was a pool reason for the ontread any pocker.

Sow Farrell, as may be supposed, had no not constant to the course, supposing that she had had no decidedly uneasy as to the manner in Grace, and when he read her letter he was mightly releved. Some gifts would have made such a foxs over such a first would have made such a foxs over such a first had a hill, for it mist have seemed a little odd to her; they would have made a row, but Grace had only seemed R. Hubbard and the proposition of the manner in God hers my soul? You decline the hill to pay a such a foxs over such a farry had a collect during the next here or a so, and was made such a foxs over such a farry had a here were releaded to her; they would have made a row, but Grace had only seemed R. I the course and will be presented at the large of the course, supposing that she had had a collect during the next here for the was made as to the manner in God here. The work is the course was a few of the course was a few of the course was a few of the course was a f

ADVICED TEACH.

The communication which he had find grow to Grass. Well, what of II. Double-bed well a large to the cub had then grow to Grass. Well, what of II. Double-bed well a large to the cub had then grow to Grass. Well, what of II. Double-bed well a large to the cub had then grow to Grass. Well, which the second result is the watch the well a large to the cub had then grow to the grow to the grow to the cub had then grow to the grow to th

PITH AND POINT.

THE minstrel man is not so black as he is painted—N. O. Picciyane.

Acrons should be watched closely on election day. They are professional repeaters.—Modern Aryo.

"From feathers make fine birds." At least so say the men who have seen

least so say the men who have seen their bills—for millinery,—Lowell Citi-

THE man who capped the climax didn't know it was loaded, or he woudn't have done it.—Boston Tran-

WHY is the discovery of the North ole like an illicit whisky manufactory? ecause it's a secret mill.—Panch. PHYSICIANS now say that the tele-hone is injurious to the ear. We pre-ume it's the strain of listening and hear.

ing nothing that does the harm .- Hos A cur in a St. Louis paper, which we

took for the picture of a St. Louis girl's mitten, turns out,on closer examination, to be the full-sized picture of a sugar-cured ham.—Chicago Newspaper. A QUALIFIED Judge: Squire Horse-nall, M. P. (who had been inspectia' the Board School)—"Well, good-by, child-er. Yer reads well, an' yor spells well, but yer hain't sot still."—London Punch.

The faculty of an Ohlo female semi-nary has issued orders that no pupil shall have more than one male visitor per week. The smart girls invite their young men to call on Sunday, so that when their fathers come on Monday the old men find thereshows haved on old men find themselves barred out .-

Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.
"Wity did Shakespeare write trage-"Wift did Shakespeare write trage-dies?" asks an exchange. Probably be-cause dime novels were not popular in his time. He had to write what paid him best. It is different in our day. A dramatized dime novel will now draw a larger audience than any of Shake-speare's tragedies.—Norristown Herald.

speare's tragedies.—Norristown Herald.

"La, ma," exclaimed a gorgeously-attired young lady, in a loud voice, on an excursion boat the other day, as she directed her mother's attention to the eamp stool, "them's just like the chair we seen in Yourup!" and then she sat languidly down and began to play with her diamond ring.—Newark Standay Call. Call.

Chasing a Mail Train Across the Continent.

AMERICAN enterprise has just achieved AMERICAN enterprise has just achieved a triumph which furnishes another illustration of the superior efficiency of the mail and postal service of the United States. The feat accomplished presents a picture of an American steamer with British mails on board hurrying across oceans from the antipodes to the Western Hemisphere, and arriving home two days in advance of her scheduled time; a mail train starting from the Pacific a mail train starting from the Pacific coast some hours before the steamship had reached her destination; a special trais with the foreign mails dispatched on a flying trip of 1,000 miles to over-take and transfer the mail matter to the regular train, in order that it may be laced on board a fast transatiantic steamship which leaves this port to-day, and through which it is expected the mails will be landed at London in about mains will be landed at London in about four and a half days less time than they were ever carried before from Australia to the British capital. The details which follow were obtained yesterday from Postmaster James, of this city. The steamship City of Sidney, carry-ing the Australian malls, left the year of

The steamship City of Sidney, carrying the Australian mails, left the port of Sydney on September 9, and after an extraordinarily rapid voyage arrived at San Francisco forty-eight hours ahead of schedule time, but too late for that day's train eastward on the Central Pacific Railroad. Having been immediately notified of the arrival of the steamship at San Francisco, Postmaster James was very anxious to have her mails reach the steamship Arizona, which sails at noon to-day for Queenstown. On the 7th inst. he called upon Mr. Sidney Dillon, President of the Union President of the Union Pacific Railroad, with whom he found Mr. Towne, of San Francisco, the General Superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, and Mr. Clarke, of Omaha, the General Manager of the Union Pacific Road. Colonel James, having juid the matter before Mr. Dillon, the Pacific Road. Colonel James, having faid the matter before Mr. Dillon, the latter turned to Mr. Towne and asked: "Where is the passenger train that left San Francisco on October 6?" The reply was: "It is on the Humboldt Division." "Then," said Mr. Dillon, "telegraph to put on a special, take the mail and overtake the train that left San Francisco on the 5th," "Why," interposed Mr. Clarke, "we shall have to run 1,000 miles at an expense of over \$1,000 to overtake that train." "Never mind." replied Mr. Dillon, "put on the special." Having been thus assured of special." Having been thus assured of hearty co-operation in his praiseworthy design, Postmaster James lost no time in sending a dispatch to Mr. William B. Thompson, General Railway Mail Su-perintendent at Washington, making him acquainted with the arrangements.

Superintendent Thompson accordingly gave instructions to the postal clerks along the route, as well as to the Postmasters at Omaha, Chicago and Pittsburgh, to facilitate by every means in their power the dispatch of the Aus-tralian mail. That the officials alluded to were on the alert was soon manifest On the 9th inst. Postmaster James re-ceived a telegram from Postmaster Thomas F. Hall, at Omaha, setting forth that the Australian mails had ar-rived there and had been dispatched in the train which left Omaha at a quarter to five o'clock on that date. From Chicago Superintendent James F. White, of the railway service, telegraphed Postmaster James on the 10th mat, that 243 sacks of foreign mall had been forwarded from there at ten minutes to four p. m. on that day via Pittsburgh The next dispatch, bearing date of yesterday, was sent by Mr. Cunningham, local postal agent at l'ittsburgh, to his chief, R. C. Jackson, Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service Division in this city. This set forth that the foreign mail arrived at l'ittsburgh by resin No. mail arrived at Pittsburgh by train No. 6, on the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne road, at 7:30 yesterday morning, was forwarded by train No. 8, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at 8,45 a.m. The latter train arrived at Jersey City about 10 o'clock last evening, and the British mail will be duly transferred to he steamship Arizona this morning. It is expected that the latter will make the rip to Queenstown in seven days, thus taking the time from Sydney to London forty-one days. According to the Intest report of the Postmaster-General of New Zealand, the average time consumed in he voyage from Sydney via San Fran-sisco has been forty-five days and about ex hours, and by way of the Suez Canal

will therefore be seen that the City of Sydney has reduced the time of the voy-age nearly four and one-half days.— New York Herald, Oct. 12. GEORGE SWEANOR, of Montreal, claims to have discovered a method of dividing electric light by which it is adapted to household use. The inventor asserts he can supply light for domestic use at one-third the price of gas.

orty-six days and about four hours.

Our Young Folks.

WHAT THE MOTHER-HEN SAID.

CLUCKITY, churdly, churhly, churh! Had aver a ben such wearderful tuck? Ten little posity, nustry things. Nesting so coully under my wings. Hickory, hickory, dickory, dock! Mrs Grimsikin gave one a shock! bectog ny Tork not tuking a druk. She put out her presse quick as a wink.

But Top-knot is sunct, and Top-knot is spry, the gave puse the sirp in the stance of an eye; Top's a woode/fol chink; It's easy to see. What a belle, by and by, my Top-anot will be.

High ty, pagarty, seighby, west Eve name other distrings lovely as sher Floss, like a pelf-only, pretty as alle. And show-drop and Tently, whiter them milk: And Pock, who will do inc great credit some

Oro hear that chick ever is good as a play; And Speckie, and Friskie, and Russey, and Frisk. And Brownie, and Backie, now what do you talks?

Was ever a projder motion than II Were ever such smickens under the sky? Lambs, kittens, taken and other wer things, Are pretty, but dear me, they invest tellor? —Wate, d which

CELIA'S COMPOSITION, CRLIA was twelve years old; a bright ititle girl at her lessons, anxious to be at the head of her classes, and a general favorite in school. No matter how long or hard the lesson, the first little face to brighten as the teacher marked it of the class was sure to be Cella Brown's; hers the lirst voice to exciaim:

"Oh I resign was some to it if we want to give you an easier subgive."

Mrs. Brown's eyes twinkled as she give this satvice, and her little daugh-"Oh, I reckon we can get it if we try right hard; and I certainly will do that?"

Accordingly, Miss Nelson was pre-

tore: I reason she didn't count her one, two, three's much, mamma."

"Mamma, Miss Nolson has told all the girls in my class to write a composition for next Friday," said Cella, disregarding her brothers' personal remarks, and looking anxiously at her mother; "and I know I can't do it. I just couldn't do it if it would save my life. I would rather undertake to wouldn't.

I just couldn't do it if it would save my life; I would rather undertake to recite seventeen chapters of history."

"Nonsense," said her faher, laughing; "it is quite time you learned to use you mind in composition. Seventeen or twenty-seven chapters of history will not do you half the good that six lines of carefully-written composition will do. And you will not find it difficult, Celia, if you do not make up your mind against it. Did Miss Nelson give you a subject?"

"Yes, papa—salt," was the reply, in a disgusted tone. "The idea of such a subject!"

"Yes, papa—salt," was the reply, in a disgusted tone. "The idea of such a subject!"

"Oh, write about the 'cat,' exclaimed Willie. "I wouldn't write about salt, either; masty stuff! Just write on the either; nasty stuff! Just write on the 'cat.' I'll tell you exactly what to say: If can write a composition. Pooh! it's who hap the trans easy. Wait till mamma sends me to school. Now you just write this, 'The cat is a real nice animal. It's got three white feet and one black one. It's got a spot on its breast, too. It has four dear little kittens; and it washes her face every morning with her paws. She ficks her face—this ain't nice; but what can you expect from a poor silly cat? It don't know any better. And ours is named Thomas Mailida, after nurse's brother and sister."

the transaction, expressed the opinion that I had been imposed upon. "You will never see that little rogue again," said he.

Day after day passed, and I began to think that my friend was right. The boy had not come back. But, just as I had about given him up, he appeared, and repaid the money honestly. I was so pleased that I made him a present of the amount, and added a trille to it.

Two years or more afterwards, I

brother and sister."

"Bravo, Williel" exclaimed his father, joining in the hearty laughter of the others at the little boy. "So you can write a composition. I'd advise sister to call on you for help, by all "Why so?" said I.

"Two years or more afterwards, I stopped one day at a street-corner to have my shoes cleaned. As I placed my foot on the block, the bootblack looked up in my face, and said, "I should like to shine your shoes for nothing, sir."

"Why so?" said I.

mind to try "Salt" she wrote at the top of her "Salt" she wrote at the top of her paper, and then there came an awful pause. "Oh. dear, what shall I say about Lif" 'Salt! Salt—' Well, I'm sure I don't know what it is exactly, unless it's salt! and here Celia's thoughts were interrupted by a laugh. "I'll get old Webster," she continued, thinking aloud. "Let's see now," and she whirled the leaves rapidly to the S's. "Um! here it is: 'Salt—chloride of sodium—a substance used for seasoning certain kinds of food, and for the preservation of meat, etc. It is found nat've in the earth, or it is produced by native in the earth, se it is produced by evaporation and crystallization from waterimpregnated with saline particles.' Well, I do declare! If that's all Mr. Webster has to say about salt, how should I be expected to know any more. The idea! Why, I don't know any more, and I don't know that! Well, I do say Miss Nelson is unreasonable." Cella wriggled herself nearly off her chair, sighed, groaned, fanned herself, bit her pen-handle, and finally, at Willie's eall, jumped up and ran from the room. leaving the composition still to be written.

FRIENDS are discovered rather than made: they are people who are in their own nature friends; only thoy don't know each other; but cortain things, like poetry, music and palatings, are like the freemasson's sign—they reveal the initiated to sach!

If all were as willing to be pleasant and as anxious to please in their own

ed him upon what he knew about salt!
Wille didn't know much, but what he
did know he generously told.
"Salt," he informed her, was very

did know he generously told.

"Salt," he informed her, was very good to make les-cream with. That cows liked salt," he also told her, "although he didn't."

Colia laughed so at this that she could not seesaw any longer, and she went back to the house to lake her music lesson and afterward she drove out with her mother; and the day went, and she entered her room at night to find the big sheet of blank paper staring up at her in mute surprise as she looked down upon it, before consigning it to the table drawer.

She tried again on Monday, slightly, and on Tuesday. Wednesday she had no time, that being one of her music days, and Thursday was her very last day of grace. She made a very strong effort then, but at her very best she could think of nothing superior to what Mr. Webster's dictionary said; and, in fact, nothing at all beyond one simple fact, that "sait was a very exceedingly useful substance."

In despair she laid the matter before useful substance

useful substance."

In despair she laid the matter before her mother.

"My dear," said Mrs. Brown. "If you have honestly tried and cannot write a composition, you may yourself write a latter to Miss Nelson asking to be expused, indeed, of nor diving to "Edit."

gave this advice, and her little daugh-ter went up to her room much comfort-ed. Here is the letter she wrote;

"Oh, I reskon we can get it if we try right hard; and I certainly will do that?"

Accordingly, Miss Nelson was prepared to receive a bright look of acquisescence from Cella, at loust, whon she one morning announced to the little class that a composition would be expected from each one on the Friday of the following week but she was disappointed. To her surprise, Celia's face said as plainly as cords could have spoken, "I can't possibly do R. Miss Nelson, and it's of no sort of use to try."

What are we to write a composition would not specificate thing in this whole world!"

Miss Nelson smiled.

"Oh, yes, you do, my dear," she replied, pleasantly. "I think you will find you know something worth telling about soil when you put on your thinking-cap and make up your mind to try. At any rate, that is what I expect you to do—try! And I will let you know afterward how nearly you have anoneeded to my antisfaction."

Cella Brown never said a word. She just closed her lips tightly and shook her head in utter despair. It was of no use to tak to her; a composition she could not write. Pages of spelling, half the grammar or geography, miles of arithmetic, would not have danneed to the take the try a composition she could not write. Pages of spelling, half the grammar or geography, miles of arithmetic, would not have danneed to be to the think of anything like the mere word composition. She could not think of anything like the mere word composition. She could not think of anything like the mere word composition. She could not think of anything like the mere word composition. She could not think of anything like the mere word composition. She could not have danneed to be composition. She could not have danneed to be seen this afternoon, "added little Willies advice and wrote what he will be seen this afternoon," added little Willies advice and wrote what he will be seen the state of the seen the state of the word of the whole seen the state of the seen the word of the whole seen the state of the word of the word of the word

One day, as I sat at my office-desk writing busily, I heard a knock at the door. "Come in," said I.

The door opened, and there stood a small boy, very ragged and rather dirty. "What do you want?" Insked, sharply, for I was annoved at the interruntion.

for I was annoyed at the interruption.
"Please, sir," said the boy, will you set me up?"
It was such a queer request that I

There was something about the boy that pleased me. I handed him two dimes, and he went away. A friend who happened in, just as I was closing action, expressed the op-

up in my face, and said, "I should like to shine your shoes for nothing, sir." "Why so?" said I.

"That composition might do for you, "Don't you remember, sir, how you set me up?"

It I think it would sound rather queer

Then I recognized my old acquains

"but I think it would sound rather queer to Miss Nelson."

"Why, you needn't care how it sounds. Need ane, papa? She just tells every single bit she knows. That is the way I'm going to do when I write compositions."

"That is tolerably sound advice," said her mother, looking at her, with a snile. "Just put the thought of how it will sound' quite out of your mind, and write down all you know abost sailt."

The next day was Saturday. About ten o'clock Celia sat down at the little table in her bedroom, and made up her mind to try.

The next day was faturday about ten o'clock Celia sat down at the little table in her bedroom, and made up her mind to try.

pleasure in inding that my first impres-sion of him was correct. Whatever he undertook to do he did with a will, and he soon found a better employment

than blacking shoes.

He is now a prosperous merchant, and, if I were to tell you his name, you and, if I were to tell you his name, you would hardly believe that he ever or have been Tom, the bootblack .- difred Selwyn, in Nursery.

Poweary is, except where there is an ctual want of food and raiment, a thing more imaginary than seal. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—is a great and fatal weakness, though arising in this coun-ry from the fashion of the times themselves.

She and her little brother mounted have the see-saw in the garden, and during this pleasant pastime Cella interrogat-